vated these women of the south are, and how paradoxical you seem to them when you don't disguise yourself considerably!

Gerard was unable to appreciate Em.'s exquisite remark when, speaking of Octave, she said: "You are not grateful to him for the pity he excites in you/' He is incapable of judging that type of wit.

Minutes of such excruciating joy that you think they might break the thread of life; then, between two such, the succession of monotonous days, spent merely in growing older.

Cuverville, 2 October

Time flies. The cloudy sky is already filling with winter. My dog is sleeping at my feet. Full of anguish, I sit helpless in front of the white sheet of paper, on which everything might be written but on which I shall never be able to write more than *something.*

I finish the second volume of Hebbel's correspondence (but I began it in the middle, or, to be exact, with the first letters dated from France); continue the reading (methodically for the first time) of Pascal in the Brunschwicg edition. Jacoby's *Selection.*[1] *Histoire de la Iitt6rature* (Renaissance) by Brunetiere.

7 October

I finish painfully and in haste, skipping many pages, that absurd *Fanny* by Feydeau which I had begun more than a month ago. Nothing prevented this book from being a good book — except its author. The love dialogues already very close to those of Dumas *fil$*[9] and almost as bad. A sort of "belief in love" that is indeed one of the most stupid and ridiculous inventions of our literature.

Feydeau writes: "My teeth were chattering in my mouth. . . ." This is almost as bad as Cousin Br/s "The wheel went over the thigh of his leg"

Gh6on delighted by *St. Yves—by the French aspect*

of that work.
'Yes," said Em. about this book, "it is one of the nicest compliments
anyone ever paid us."

I find in Gaston Deschamps's latest article: **I should be very glad to find some masterpieces among the innumerable novels that French publishers put on the world market every day. I welcome new names and young talents. And I do not think there could possibly be, through my

[31] *Studies on Selection in Man,* by Paul Jacoby (1904).